

Home Circle.

THE GIRL AT CHURCH.

You pride yourself on your politeness. You count yourself a well-mannered girl and would be very indignant if you were told that you were lacking in ordinary politeness. When you are invited out you are careful not only to be prompt, but to be considerate of your hostess. What consideration do you show God when you go to His house? Too often you come in late, seat yourself with a little noise and do not hesitate to turn and twist until you feel that your skirt is arranged exactly right and you are quite comfortable. Then you give a sigh as you look at the preacher. He is one whose sermons you do not admire, so while he is trying to do his duty you coolly read your prayer-book or hymnal, or look around the congregation, and catching the eye of a friend, give a shrug of disgust. When the sermon is over you give vent to a sigh of thankfulness, and you never seem to realize that this bad behavior on your part is bad behavior not only to the clergyman, but to that God whose representative he is. When the collection is taken up you look here and there and everywhere to see who is depositing a bank-note. Before the benediction is said you crane yourself like a bird with its plumage so that you will be ready to start out the very minute it is ended. I do not suppose you realize for a moment how dreadful this is. How it is giving an opportunity to an unbeliever to say, "What can these Christians think of their God when they are so impolite to Him?" Then you do something else. In your church the pews are rented. When you enter you close the door and give no poor sinner an opportunity to sit beside you, and yet, in the sight of God you are all alike, and before Him the rich and the poor stand together to be judged.—*Ladie's Home Journal.*

INVESTMENTS FOR UNIMPROVED CAPITAL.

"How lonely it is here!" sighed a farmer's daughter, as she leaned over the front gate and looked up and down the country road, unheeding the glorious view of hill and dale which a beautiful sunset was transfiguring before her eyes.

"Only one wagon has passed this whole livelong day. How stupid it is in this big, quiet farm-house since Nellie and Jane married and went away!"

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Down in the slums of a neighboring city, on the curbstone of a narrow, crowded street over which thundered the elevated trains, sat a poor woman with a baby

in her arms trying to get a breath of fresh air. The thermometer was ninety-five degrees in the shade, and it was a question whether the pent up, noisy street was more refreshing than the close tenement room inside. The baby's face was white wan, but not a breath of air seemed stirring to put new life into it or its mother.

At that very hour a brisk evening breeze was springing up on the airy hill-top where lay the quiet farm-house. I wafted the scent of the honeysuckle vine into the window of the empty bedroom where Nellie and Jane used to sleep.

II.

In the pleasant conservatory of a pretty suburban home James the gardener stood before his mistress with a basket full of clippings from geraniums and bright foliage plants.

"We have already potted more than the shelves will hold," said she, "so you can throw away those in the basket."

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An old woman looked anxiously at a solitary plant in an old tomato can on the window sill of her dark little garret room.

"It is dead!" she said. "The cold and the blight have killed it. How I shall miss the bright red flowers! And never a penny to spend on another!"

At that very time James was burying the contents of the basket in a corner of the garden.

III:

In a beautiful church of a college town sat an elderly man at one end of a long and otherwise empty pew. His thoughts were less of the sermon and the fine music than of the three tall sons who used to sit beside him but were now one dead and the others living far away.

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Within a few rods of the church was a students' lodging house. In an upper room that same Sunday morning sat two students playing cards. As the church bells rang an uneasy look came over the face of one. "I suppose mother would rather have me go to church than do this," he said to his chum, "but there's no room for us in the chapel, and I don't like sitting in the gallery of the South Church, so it's really easier to stay home."

It so chanced that he had dined at the home of the elderly man the very night before, but he had never thought of asking the young man to sit with him in church. Yet to the father's eyes the pew looked never so empty as on that bright December morning.

IV.

The Friday Morning Club was discuss-

ing the beauties of the architecture at the World's Fair. A great scrap-book of pictures cut from illustrated magazines was passed around, and after that scores of beautiful photographs. "What an endless lot of photographs you have, Amy!" said one, as her hostess drew out another thick pile of them from a great chest of drawers.

"Yes, there are more than a thousand in those drawers," she replied, "but they are hardly ever opened from one year's end to another."

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A half mile away a lonely, nervous invalid sat in his wheeled chair, doomed never to leave that little room until one day he should be carried out for once and all. The glow of pleasure which had rested for a moment on his drawn face when he opened the illustrated paper just brought him by the postman had faded away. The pictures were coarsely printed and an offence to the keenly artistic taste of a man who, before poverty and illness had darkened his life, had, by his profession, continually trained his eye and taste to a keen appreciation of the beautiful. But poverty and friendlessness cut off all chance of an enjoyment which would have cheered many a weary hour of his lonely life.

Just then Amy putting away her photographs, and it was all she could do to push the drawer back into its place, it was so full. "There! good-bye, for a year at least," sang she, as she hurried off to get ready for the Friday Afternoon Club.—*Delia L. Porter, in the Congregation.*

A POSTSCRIPT TO A PRAYER.

Elsie's prayer had two parts: "Please, God, bress muvver and papa, and everyfing. And please bress me."

But she had some more to say.

Elsie's curls got into snarls, and the comb "caught" and pulled, for she had got them wet and tangled; so she had a cry when the curls needed to be combed.

She looked at mother. "Do you fink, muvver, God would let me say a 'P. S.' too?"

"Oh, yes; add a 'P. S.' if you like; God will hear."

Then Elsie shut her eyes, and said, "Please God, will you smooof some of my curls?"

Mother said she was sure the "P. S." would be noted down, and the curls nicely smoothed next time. But she told her little daughter that God does not do for us what we can do for ourselves. A child can smooth its own hair, or get some one to do it; but God helps us.—*Picture World.*